

of today is much nicer than the "old woman" of yesterday. The woman of today goes to the bottom of things; she looks forward and outward "far as human eye can see."

If she amounts to anything at all she takes her business of a wife and mother to be about the most stupendous job that can be given to a human being, and she devotes herself to that.

The women of Dick's mother's age are femininity in a pulpy state of transition, and they are neither the meek old women of our great-grandmother's times nor the fearless young "female of the species" of today.

Goodness, how I talk to you, little book! I sat down here to write of what a good time Dick and I had at the dinner downtown last night and here I am writing or the "female of the species."

But this "female" had a fine time last night. Dick threw off all his responsibilities just like the boy he is, and how good the dinner tasted.

For once I was glad to have a nice, juicy beefsteak. Even the crusty French bread was a sweet morsel—and, best of all, Dick remembered that I am very fond of baked potatoes and he ordered them instead of the au gratin ones of which he is so fond. I let him do it, for I was sure that the baked potatoes were the most wholesome and, besides, I am not always going to be the one who is not consulted—even in little things.

At first I had felt that I did not care for anything to eat, but by the time I had buttered my second potato Dick had given me the second helping of beefsteak the whole world had changed.

The restaurant, that before I had decided was twdry in its red and gold, was warm and bright. The music, which hurt my head when I came in, was charming. My husband, who I had begun to think was not as good to look at as I thought he was before marriage, I found was the handsomest man in the room.

Then I knew that all this week, while I had been believing that I was laboring under great soreness of spirit, I was only hungry.

It was my stomach, not my soul, that was making itself and me uncomfortable.

I wonder if we are always able to distinguish between disarrangements of the liver and aching of the heart.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE HUMORIST

By Berton Braley.

I serve the Lords of Laughter,

I serve the gods of mirth,

I make the world a dafter

And yet a gladder earth;

When woes grow thick and thicker

And life seems inky black,

By magic of a snicker

I drive the sorrows back.

I serve the Lords of Laughter

And, oh, I love to wake

The roar that shakes the rafters

And makes the midriff quake;

I care not for the flouting

Of bards who sneer at me

If I can hear the shouting

Of great and gorgeous glee!

Oh, may the songs I sing you

Lift every heavy cloud,

And may I always bring you

Clean laughter, long and loud!

So when I pass hereafter

This truth the world may tell,

"He served the Lords of Laughter

And always served them well!"

GOOD REASON FOR SELLING

A well-known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging would induce him to cross without stopping, so he advertised him:

"To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."—N. Y. World.

Holland women are demanding the right to vote.